

(I Just) Survived In Your Arms

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by [honorablymentioned](#)

Summary

The only thing he remembers from the nightmare is the fall; the sharp pain as two bodies hit the Atlantic, the overwhelming pressure that filled his lungs, the sudden realization that he took them over and Hannibal might be gone once and for all. In both reality and the dream, he had panicked. He knew what he had done, but the instant regret had him tearing through the waves in search of the one man he couldn't be without - not now, not yet, not after years of finally being able to see.

It's beautiful.

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Prompt from Tumblr: "I'm imagining Will post fall having nightmares about Hannibal's death resulting in 24hrs of intense separation anxiety- he panics when Hannibal stops touching him."

Notes

Full prompt: "Ok so binging your wonderful fic has sent me into a h/c spiral and I'm imagining Will post fall having nightmares about Hannibal's death resulting in 24hrs of intense separation anxiety- he panics when Hannibal stops touching him. The bathroom isn't a problem as modesty has been long lost between them, but Will needs to eat and Hannibal can't cook with him attached. The solution is a rolling deskchair, Will falling asleep on Hannibal's lap as he tried to not squeak rolling around the kitchen."

I never get requests or anything, so this was a fun thing to try haha. No beta, so all mistakes are my own.

Will can't take his hands off of Hannibal.

This morning reminded him so much of his time back in Wolf Trap. His shirt was soaked through when he woke up, sheets ruined and sodden with nightmares and fear. He couldn't think of where he was, couldn't breathe, and his hands had been grasping for something, *someone* -

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What he has with the cannibal now is beautiful, in its own respect. They live in solitude for the time being, in an arctic village somewhere in Greenland where people leave them be. They hunt, they hide, they're *happy*. The fact had him waking from the drench and gripping the sheets, frantically searching for the man just as he did in the ocean. The sheets had long gone cold, both from the empty side next to him and from the cooling sweat, and he stumbled out of bed in a haste. He was disoriented, felt his way down the hall of their hideaway cabin, and only knew where to go because of the scent of coffee and eggs permeating the air.

And Hannibal is whole. He's alive and dry and in one piece, not the broken man that Will had fished out of the water all those months ago. He was unaware of Will behind him for a moment, but when he turned, he met the other man with a worried crease between his eyes at the sight.

Will didn't say anything. He didn't want to talk. With his shirt still sticking uncomfortably to his back and his shaking body, he clung onto Hannibal and had taken a shuddering sigh of relief that wracked through his soul.

This was fine. This was more than okay, because Will actually felt his lungs expand for the first time that morning. He clutched at Hannibal's back, pulled the two of them closer - it was nearly as close as their tumble off the cliff's edge. Will didn't taste copper this time, but instead the salt of his sweat and the musk that is purely Hannibal invaded his senses.

He hasn't moved since then - except for the occasional bathroom breaks, of course, but he finds his way back moments after with still damp hands from the sink (much to Hannibal's disdain). He soaks in the scent and feel of the man and stays right there, for hours on end. Hannibal lets him, sometimes adjusting him as needed, forcing Will behind him with hands around his waist and cheek pressed to his back, or settling the man down against his side as he sits on the couch.

Hannibal doesn't ask him to elaborate. He doesn't ask him *why*, possibly understanding in that all knowing way he has. He doesn't make him get off of him, just adjusts and settles and goes

back to whatever he needs to do. Throughout the day he does ask on occasion if he can get Will anything, or if he would like to do something together, but Will answers with the same shake of his head that he does every hour and lets himself breathe in the man.

He can't stop wanting, *aching*, for it. The nightmare from this morning replays over and over – the memory of their fall repeats itself whether his eyes are open or closed. With every crashing wave that tumbles through his mind, his fingers itch to grip tighter. With every phantom ache in his cheek, he presses just the tiniest bit further into the other man's side or back. With every intake of breath that he feels against Hannibal's chest, he feels the pressure dissipate just a bit more in his own.

He can't explain it. He doesn't have to. He feels stupid for needing to be this close, but Hannibal humors him.

Or at least he does until dinner.

“Will, I need to move,” He says.

Will doesn't get off of him, though. He stays there, still clinging and still vulnerable. He makes soft protests whenever Hannibal tries to pry himself from Will's grip, and reels him back in when Hannibal reaches too far to grab something off the counter.

“A compromise, then,” Hannibal suggests, after another fruitless attempt.

The desk chair is rolled into the kitchen, not necessarily squeaking against the tiled floor but instead clattering against the grooves and dips of the grout. Will doesn't care.

As soon as Hannibal seats himself, Will is on him. It's an awkward fit, with Will having to sit sideways – legs pulled up to his chest, head nestling into the crook of Hannibal's neck and shoulder, arms around broad shoulders to keep him steady. But he makes it work.

And Hannibal, God help him, tries. He rolls around the kitchen with little nudges, trying not to disturb Will too much. He raises the height of the chair to see over the stove and awkwardly stirs the contents in the pot. He cuts and chops and maneuvers to the best of his ability. All the while, Will is content. He nuzzles into the cannibal, presses dry lips against any part he can reach, plays with the hair at the nape of Hannibal's neck. He's oblivious to the other man's struggles.

When all is said and done, the meal is finished, and even then Hannibal pours one bowl for the two of them and settles back into the chair with a defeated huff.

They eat their meal – a makeshift gumbo, from what Will can taste, and from what Hannibal could actually reach from the fridge – in the comfort of the desk chair. Hannibal brings the spoon to Will to sip from, before spooning his own bite from the same utensil. The kitchen is quiet. The cabin is still.

The pressure and panic slowly dissipate. The nightmares and memories fade as the hours drawl on through the night. His cheek still has the phantom twinge, his hands still clutch and pull out of instinct, but Hannibal lays them down for the evening and lets himself be held.

Still no questions asked, no answers needed.

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